http://www.geocities.com/Hollywood/Hills/4773/AOD.html

Army of Darkness 2: Future Imperfect

{Ash's voice over a barren waste land}

Ash: (Voice Over) My name is Ash and I am insane. Close as I can figure it's the year is 2050 AD and I'm in a future I hadn't imagined. It wasn't always like this. . . This world had life. . . once.

[Flashback: Ash at the cabin]

I went to a small cabin in the woods. It seemed an archaeologist had come to this cabin to translate and study his latest find: Necronomicon ex Mortis, the Book of the Dead. This ancient Sumarrian text contained all that was evil. It was never meant for the world of the living. The book awoke something dark and evil. It got into my hand and went bad, and then it came for the rest of me. Stopping it was no problem, keeping it away was a harder task. Then it came back, bigtime. A vortex was created to take the evil away from our time, unfortunately, it took me too. I was dropped me in medieval England, where I fought for my life to destroy the evil once more. In my succession I was accidentally sent here into the future. It's now time for me to fight for my life once more.

ARMY OF DARKNESS 2:
Future Imperfect

Ash dumped his head into a flowing river and inhales as much water as he can. His throat was parched and his skin was dry. Ash felt compelled to just fall in and take a swim but the water seemed foul. He almost vomited into it as the dirty water passed through his face. No living creature seemed to be alive, he noticed many bones floating in the river though.

He emerged from the river to show a hairy, naked exterior. He seems unaware of his surroundings. As if in denial.

Ash spit something out of his mouth and started to stumble around.

Ash: Uh, bad water

He dropped over into a pile of rubble, exhausted. Things lay near-by: a flipped over car, a church steeple, many things of metal and several pieces of wood.

Nighttime filled the land, the only illumination came from several fires that sprouted up around the city.

Ash looked around and saw his reflection in a shard of steel that is emerged from the rubble. He stares at himself for a while. Behind the wrinkles and hair he can see himself. Ash was not totally gone, he still may salvage some of his mind, then again, maybe not.
He starts to break down.
Ash: Why? [Starts to scream] WHY??? He starts going crazy, jumping up and down and yelling out things that could not be deciphered by a human ear. He dropped to his knees and covered his eyes in defeat.
Ash collapses his head into the dirt ready to die. . .
Then a large scream comes from above. But it wasn't a human scream. . . it was something he had heard before, something familiar, something terrible.
Ash looked up to see a winged deadite swoop down and snatch something up from the ground. Ash was in both fear and shock to see his archenemy still alive in this time. He stood back and watched in awe.
It's skin was thew same leathery material he remembered. In his mind awful thoughts came back. The cabin, the woods, the cemetery, the castle, it was all coming back to him.
It started to fly away then Ash noticed it was carrying something, it looked like a body.
It was shaking it wildly. The person screamed in absolute terror. The deadite seemed to laugh and then it dropped the body.
Ash made sure the beast made its distance and he ran over to the body.
He saw something horrible, something disgusting.
Ash crawled over to the thing, he realized it was a body, a human body. It's eyes were missing and it's skin was frail. Its mouth was wide open and bugs seemed to find this place a home.
Ash: What the hell?
Ash now knows what it is like to have your soul swallowed by one of the dead.
He touched the skin and it seemed to collapse. There was no muscle inside, no blood either. The body was just bone and flesh. . . gray flesh.
Ash turned away at this horrible site and wondered how this could have happened.
How did the evil return after all these years? Did a small amount stay from the defeat at Arthur's castle?
He returned to the pile of rubble that he recently inhabited. He needed a weapon, any weapon. He found a baseball bat under the body of an elderly man, who has his soul swallowed also. He said his prayers and grabbed the weapon.
It wasn't a chainsaw, but it'd have to do.

Ash went over to the deathcoaster; it was destroyed beyond all recognition. He may be able to salvage a tire or something; it was useless none the less. As he stared at his fallen machine he started to tear up. Why has he come here? What more is there left to do? Where is he?
There were many questions to be answered. . . and many deaths to be avenged.
Ash looked down at his black baseball bat and realized he couldn't take on an entire deadite army with just that. He searched for his Remington, it had to be there. He searched behind the deathcoaster and in front. Nothing. It was no where to be seen. Someone has taken his weapon. Hope was slipping away by the minute, the future seemed dark for him, full of death and despair.

Hours past and Ash just sat there. He didn't know what to think, or what to do. His motivation was gone. Without his gun he was nothing. Sure he has the baseball bat but there had to be thousands of deadites out there, there was no way he'd get out of the cave without a weapon. And what was he going to fight for? First he fought for his life, then he fought for freedom, now there was no one to save. It was too late to save himself and there was no way he could stop these things from just swooping down and swallowing your soul like he saw before. It was hopeless.
Life as he knew it was ending before his eyes. He was going to die here: hairy, naked, and insane.

He was staring off into the distance and he saw something coming after him, something he remembered from the woods, something evil. It came at him at incredible speeds and Ash only had seconds to move out of the way.
The evil smashed into the side of the deathcoaster. The car almost broke in half.
Ash looked over. . . and it was gone.
Ash: It's okay [reassuring himself] It was just my mind, my mind is playing tricks on me. Everything is okay.
Then a voice came over from the distance.
Voice: Hey! You just saw a human have their soul swallowed! Was that in your mind?
Ash looked over to see a large piece of metal showing his reflection. He was staring back at him with an evil smirk.
Ash stared it in the eyes.
Ash: It's just a reflection, just a reflection. [panting, reassuring himself] I'm fine.
MirrorAsh: You're having an argument with yourself, does that sound 'fine'?
Ash: No! [screaming] NO!

He picked up the baseball bat and smashed the mirror.
Ash: It's all an illusion! [screaming] It's all in my mind!
The evil laughs echo in the cave, Ash's mind was spinning, his voice was screaming and then everything faded to black.

Ash's mind was full of garbage. Some that accumulated over time and other things that were brought on from the evil. In his unconscious state he heard his own voice echoing throughout eternity.
Ash: Would you say that I am insane? I wouldn't say that I've lost my mind simply because I've heard the voices and seen the godless things moving in time. If anything, I think more clearly now than ever before. I know now that there is such a thing as a living Evil. A dark and shapeless thing that lives not in the spaces we know, but between them. In the Dark. In the night. And it wants the exact same thing as you and I: a chance at warm life on this Earth. It doesn't care that is already had that chance …once

Ash awoke face down in his own saliva he stood up and decided it was time to do something. Insane or not he couldn't just mull around in the cave all day. He grabbed his bat and made sure not to step in any metal shards from when he smashed himself in.
Then a low monotone began.
Evil: Join us
It sounded odd collection of dead voices shouting into the distance.
Ash looked left, and right. He saw nothing.
Evil: Join us
It had to be coming from somewhere, but there were no deadites to be seen. Ash realized this monotonous chant seemed to be broadcasted rather than said. But broadcasted from where? It sounded as if it were a radio signal.
Evil: Join us
What was that? Had the evil grown a consciousness? Do they now know how to use human facilities like a radio? Ash had to find out and nothing was going to stop him. Not mirror images of himself, not flying deadites, not his own insanity. Ash had to figure out what happened. He had to figure out what went wrong.
Ash tightly gripped his baseball bat and made his away out of the cave. Once more he dunked his head in the flowing stream, he needed some sort of refreshment.
It was time for his presence to be known.
Ash: I'm here! Come on! Kill me! Swallow my soul.
There was nothing but silence.
Ash: So much for the direct approach
Evil: Join us
The signal was getting annoying to Ash

He continued walking and noticed how cold it was getting. He looked down and noticed he was still naked. He didn't mind, who was going to see him.
While walking he came across many more bodies that had their soul swallowed. They looked recently disfigured. It was a sign that some humans were still alive, roaming this chaotic land. Unfortunately they were dumb enough to go out side and wander while the deadites roamed. Ash felt compelled to say a prayer for each of them but he didn't have the time.
Ash: Where are you?
Evil: Join us
Ash was nearing a large structure that looked as if a bomb dropped on it.
That was another question. . . . This land was obviously a conclusion to some sort of atomic war, but was that before or after the deadites came?
The only way he'll get answers is to find somebody, a human to be exact, and find out what happened.
Evil: Join us
Ash entered the building to find out it was full of rubble. It was just like any other land in this world.
Was everyone dead?
No, couldn't be. He just saw a living man a couple hours ago. There is something very wrong here.
Ash used his bat to move around materials like metal and wood. There were no lights or plumbing. There were no furnishings what so ever.
Ash tried to piece everything together. A nuclear war, a deadite invasion, and a raising of intelligence in the dead. The deadites found the perfect time to invade, causalities would be high and resistance would be low.
Evil: Join us
He decided that this warehouse was getting him nowhere and it's time to go to the source and find out what the hell is going on.
He saw some sort of station up ahead, maybe that would provide some answers for the monotonous chanting.
Ash: Finally a place where I can get some answers
The station was only three stories high and had a variety of dishes at the top; this had to be the place where the signals were coming from.
Evil: Join us
Ash was now used to the chants and had no intention of following them.
Two blocks before the station was a playground, one with a black top and fence surrounding it. Ash looked as the basketball nets blew in the wind. Ash remembered playground like this. When he was younger he went to playgrounds all the time. He remembered them

as loud and happy places, but this one was not of the sort. Nothing was here except silence and death.
Ash walked into the playground; it was unusually clean compared to the building he was last in. He neared the corner and he came across and young boy, dead, who was curled up in a ball.
Ash: Damn
He couldn't bare it to look at the boy's face, he knew the terror of seeing him with no eyes and bugs crawling in his mouth would take too much out of him.
Ash turned away from the playground and moved toward the station once more.
Ash: Damn deadites are going to pay for this!
Suddenly, a block away from the station, a deadite emerged from the corner. He snarled in an ear blistering tone.
Evil: Join us
Ash just stared it in the eyes. The deadites face was pale white and it was all disfigured, it once was a human, ash could tell by its clothes. By why would they assimilate some humans into their army, and leave the rest to be killed?
Ash knew this thing was going to swallow his soul, or atleast try to. Ash compiled all his anger of the place, the war, the invasion, the chanting, the boy, the evil and used all that anger to raise the bat and swing.
With one quick blow the deadite's head was flying down the dirty street. Its body continued to walk a couple feet, then it collapsed.
Ash: Well atleast I know they haven't become immortal.
He went down to examine the body. It was a human alright, probably only recently was turned into a deadite.
Ash left the thing behind and headed for the station, there is no way he's going to end up like that!

As he entered the station doors he noticed several security cameras, he tried to dodge their point of view. The deadites surely advanced in intelligence.
Evil: Join us
Ash tried to be as silent as possible but he didn't notice much resistance in his presence, he saw no deadites in the building. Several offices were barren, others had several humans, dead humans.
Ash: This is weird
Ash went into an office with a dead man about his size and removed the dead man's clothing.
Ash: I'm sorry about this, but I'm going to need this a hell of a lot more than you are.
Ash emerged from the office still covered in hair, but atleast with some clothes on. He had black shoes and dark black pants, which

seemed the same outfit all the dead humans were wearing. His shirt was a dark navy blue, which came down to his thigh before he tucked it in.
After the many hours of being up an walking Ash's back started to straighten out and his eyes and mouth were working normally.
He was almost good as new, except for the long hair and beard.
Ash: Ah clothing, how I missed you.
He trotted down the corridors, searching for something. That something. . . he didn't know what.
He came across a deadite without any legs, it was just crawling on its hands. Ash raised his baseball bat and clobbered it over the head. Putting it out of its misery and his.
Ash: One deadite in the entire complex? I need answers!
He ran through the halls looking for a way up to the top. The chanting grew louder
Evil: Join us
Ash found a staircase, it was covered in blood and limbs, the first gruesome thing he has seen since he's been here.
He held his breath and ran up the stairs, careful not to slip on an arm or something.
Finally he emerged on the top floor he followed the chanting.
Ash broke open a door and he came upon a room with many computers and machines.
He walked in and shut the door behind him.
Evil: Join us
He looked over at a monitor. Then he looked again to make sure what he was seeing was real. A monitor was dripping with blood, as was the keyboard. He turned to see the working machinery was spitting out blood as well.
He was staring in shock. Suddenly it was dripping on the floor, it was moving its way to Ash's feet. He looked over at the door, it was coming from under there too! Suddenly it started coming from everywhere: the closet, the wastebasket, the lamp, and even the cracks in the wall. Everything was pouring blood into the room.
Evil: Join us
Ash was getting worried and his shoes were now soaked. It was all moving upward. Thick, sticky, red blood. His knees were covered.
He tried to run but he couldn't, he tried to scream but he was paralyzed. There was no escape. His eyes widened in fear. He could feel it seeping into his pants, underneath his fingernails, and in the cracks of his palms.
Then suddenly a revelation came to Ash. He quickly shut his eyes and started to talk to himself.
Ash: It's all and illusion. It's a trick, a game, [starting to yell] they are playing with my mind! [screaming] Ahhhh!

Ash's eyes opened and he was dry, the floor was too. He patted himself down and looked around the room. It was an illusion after all. Ash walked over to a radio transmitter and flipped the switch to the 'off' position.
Evil: Joi[fading out] u[dead]ssss[static]
Ash: Not today!
Ash looked around the computers for something that could give him answers, a newspaper, a diary, anything. He saw a sheet of paper and he put it to his nose.
Ash: [reading] city overrun/army of dead attack/ mass destruction/ no escape/ no backup/ people dead/ people deformed/ stronghold located [the rest is blurred out]
Ash: The deadites came and destroyed the city, killed millions, the must have found some sorta weapons arsenal to do this much damage.
Ash folded up the paper and slid it in his pocket
Ash: Now all I have to do is find this stronghold they were talking about
Ash quickly left the station and continued on.
While walking the city he came across a barbers shop, severely damaged but the material he needed was salvageable.
Ash: Time to clip the whiskers
He dropped his baseball bat at the counter and began removing his beard. The electric razors didn't work so he chopped off all he could with a pair of scissors then smoothed himself out with a razor. He found a comb and some running water, with that he gave himself a 'clean' look.
Now, more confident than every, Ash left the shop ready for a fight.

Ash was walking silently down the middle of the street when he heard some clatter behind him. He turned and nothing was there. He continued on to hear some sort of heckling behind him. He turned and nothing was there. He was becoming suspicious about his aloneness on the streets. He heard a garbage can smack on the street and spill over its materials. Now he knew something was there.
He turned to see three deadites all side by side. One was drooling from the mouth, this one looked like an unintelligent zombie. The other two walked slowly but he recognized them from the cabin.
Ash: Woah there, I don't want any trouble
He raised his bat as a warning to keep their distance.
Ash: Now I know you speak, [nervous] what do you want?
Deadite: We want what once was ours and what we shall have again
Zombie: Souls!
Ash: Don't you have them, I mean[very nervous] I've seen some of you swallow souls, what happens when you get them.
Deadite 2: You as a 'flesh' would not comprehend.
Deadite: Never the less you will die!

Zombie: Swallow your soul and gain rank!
Ash: [now confident] Swallow this!
He ran up to the Zombie and whacked him in the jaw with the baseball bat. He slugged the other on with his iron first. He caught the third with an elbow.
Deadite 2: You are a challenging ‘flesh’.
Deadite: A strong soul.
Their high-pitched voices seemed to irritate Ash; he continued fighting.
He grabbed the Zombie with his iron hand and squeezed its throat. He eventually pulled it out, making it’s head fly off and it’s body drop. He kicked a deadite that was near his feet and hit the other in the stomach with the bat.
Deadite 2: Fool, even now our armies are planning to take over your world and you will become a stepping stone in our rise to glory!
The deadites screeching voice got to Ash and he shoved his baseball bat right down its throat, killing it. He removed the bat and it was covered in blood and some sort of white substance.
Deadite: The ruler will be pleased when I swallow the soul of a warrior like you!
The deadite smacked Ash, sending him into a large dumpster. Ash was getting a good fight from this deadite, it seemed to be the leader of the, now dead, group.
Ash had many questions for this creature, so he decided to keep it alive and drain it for information. He needed a weapon though, on that would pin this thing down to the pavement. He shuffled through the dumpster and found a large, jagged, object.
He emerged with a crazy looking grin on his face.
Deadite: Die!
Ash: Not today!
He jumped in the air and kicked the deadite to the ground. He then jabbed the metal object down into its stomach and it screamed in terror. He twisted it and made sure the deadite felt the pain. It roared in it’s high pitched voice.
Ash: First off, explain to me why you need my soul.
Deadite: The more souls we acquire, the more we advance. The young once you saw.
Ash: The Zombie?
Deadite: Yes, he had swallowed almost no souls, he was a minor grunt in our army.
Ash: I understand, the more you get the more you grow, intelligently and physically. Then the winged ones must have a lot.
Deadite: Yes, they are high ranking officials in our army.
Ash: What is this army? How many are there of you? When did you get here?
He twisted the metal object, forcing the deadite to speak.

Deadite: We were awoke in the forest, then sent to the past, after our defeat there where the remaining few stayed out of site of you people of 'flesh'. The Necronomicon's power was once again brought out and created a vortex where we were transported here. To this time. The few of us left found weapons of flesh. Ones that you used to destroy one another.
Ash: Bombs?
He twisted more, the deadite screamed.
Deadite: Yes! [screaming] bombs! [calming down] We destroyed this city with its own technology. Then we went hunting and swallowed the souls of the remaining few. Resistance was low, feeding was high. This city is only the first, once we get the technology we will cross the waters and start our attack upon earth!
Ash was fulfilled with new hope.
Ash: Then this city is the only one that you have attacked?
Deadite: Yes, but not for long. In a couple days we will construct technology to cross the water and [pauses]
Ash stands up and walks over to his bat.
Deadite: What are you doing?
Ash: The only place you're going, it to hell!
He came down with a blow; smashing the head of the deadite.
Ash: There is still hope for the human race yet.

Many hours passed, and Ash continued on walking. When he was in England the deadites gave up after their ruler was destroyed. Ash feels the same thing will apply here. If he could kill their leader the rest of them would scurry. Then he must require the book of the dead, so this wouldn't happen again.

Ash was walking quietly down the dark street, he decided it'd be better to see if he had a torch rather than relying on the fires at the corners.
He grabbed a sturdy stick and wrapped the head of it with a rag. He dipped it in the flames and now had a guide into the darkness ahead.

While walking the streets he noticed many deadite-zombies running around the streets like misguided children, if they didn't bother Ash he didn't bother them. They just seemed content on running amok. Suddenly there was a bright light ahead, it looked like a small explosion. Ash was extremely interested in what the hell just happened. He ran up the street to find a barrel on fire. It smelled like gasoline. He heard something off in the distance, a laughing of some sorts. He raised his eyes and saw a deadite standing there, holding his stomach and laughing. It looked more human than any other deadite he had seen before. He was holding something, something very familiar to Ash.

Boomstick

It was most definitely Ash's Remington, no mistaking it. His weapon of choice was being used by a freak! This made him made as hell!

Deadite: You shall die! You will never tame the Necronomicon, we will feast upon your soul!

The deadite moved towards Ash with a pissed look on his face.

Ash: Damn! I've been spotted!

The deadite raised his gun and fired off the second shot. Ash only had a split-second to move and dive behind a turned over car. He was hiding from his own gun, back to the car, bat in hand.

He could hear the deadite reloading. Damn, it's not over yet. These things were smart, and not such a bad shot either.

Deadite: Run, 'flesh' run! You will never escape us, we are forever.

Ash knew this wasn't true, he killed plenty of them already. Another shot hit the car. Ash flinched and was ready to make his move.

Deadite: Come on! You coward show your face!

Ash: Great, a trash-talking deadite. What's next?

With another shot Ash emerged from his hiding spot and ran for the monster. He had only about four seconds before he reloads so he thought he better run quick!

The deadite was stunned for a second, then he fumbled with his bullets. He had his nose down to the gun. He shoved both bullets and slammed the gun shut! He raised his head, ready to fire, but Ash was no where to be seen. He looked left, then right, nothing.

Deadite: Come on! Where are you? Why not come out and fight like a man?

Ash emerged from the darkness, torch in hand and he through it at the deadite.

The creature screamed and ran around wildly. He finally collapsed and died. Ash reclaimed his gun and a box full of ammo that laid by.

Ash: I only fight like a man when I'm fighting a man.

The deadites body continued to catch fire and Ash walked off into the distance, gun in hand.

After stopping off at a local S-Mart Ash was all set. He acquired a chainsaw and held that tight. He had his bat strapped to his back, and his boomstick was in a holster near his leg. There was no stopping him.

The only thing he was missing was his deathcoaster, but Ash didn't care, he thanked god for the boomstick, which he needed desperately. Now a group of deadites that would've taken him more than five minutes to kill could be taken out in less than thirty seconds, courtesy of both the boomstick and chainsaw.

He pulled the computer paper out of his pocket and re-read it. It mentioned something about the deadite stronghold but it didn't get and exact location. It's most likely in the biggest building in town, and that shouldn't be too hard to find.

Ash: Dammit! Should've asked more questions from the deadite when I could've.
Ash started to walk again but then he heard the loading of a shotgun. He stopped in his tracks and didn't move.
Voice: Drop your weapons! A female voice called out.
A female deadite? Not unusual but Ash has only seen a couple.
Ash dropped his chainsaw and released the buckles for both the bat and the boomstick, he was now defenseless.
Voice: Now keep your hands up and turn around!
The voice wasn't as high-pitched as the others. This was most likely a deadite that's higher in rank. One who has swallowed many souls.
Ash felt dopey with his hands up but he did it anyway and turned it around.
He could see the outline of the creature but couldn't see her exactly.
Voice: Move towards the light!
Ash was curious why he wasn't dead, but he decided not to ask as he walked over to a fire.
Voice: What the hell? You're human!
Ash: I would hope so! I wouldn't be killing the deadites for any other reason.
Voice: Well I'm sorry, quick grab your weapons!
Ash: Can I put my hands down now?
Voice: Absolutely [laughing]
Ash refitted himself with his weapons as the woman came into the light.
Ash: My name is Ash, what I am doing here is a long story but I just wanna go back to normal life
Voice: My name is Melinda, I used to be in the navy, but now I'm a zombie killer.
Ash: Well Melinda, I hope you can give me some answers
Melinda: Odd, I thought maybe you can give *me* some
Ash: Well these 'zombies' are an army of the dead awoken by a book
Melinda: Necronomicon ex Mortis?
Ash: Yes [dumbfounded] how did you know?
Melinda: It was in the news, some archeologist found the book and translated it, that's when the zombies appeared.
Ash: Yes, that about sums it up.
Melinda: You have a plan?
Ash: Yeah, sorta [unsure]
Melinda: well, what is it?
Ash: Well with my past experience with these things it you kill their leader they all run to high hell
Melinda: So we blow him away and his is all over?
Ash: That's what I think
Melinda: Okay, let's go
Ash: [impressed] Right behind you

Melinda was an attractive looking female with long blond hair, a tight skin suit and an itchy trigger finger. She carried around a 'pump-action' shotgun and she knew how to use it. Since she was in the navy she was quick to act and she handled intense situations well.
Melinda and Ash seemed to like one another right away.
Ash: It's more than you think, it's not just Zombies, there's an evil behind it. It play's tricks with your mind, makes you see things, illusions. Or atleast I think their illusions.
Melinda: I know, I saw my mother floating atop my car. She wanted me to 'join her'.
Ash: Speaking of that, I realized some of these things are smart, and they get smarter with each kill. They know how to use computers and radios, as if when they kill they take the knowledge of a person.
Melinda: [changing subject] So Ash, you married?
Ash: I had a girlfriend once, she became one of. . . them.
Melinda: Oh, I'm sorry Ash.
Ash: I had to kill her
Melinda: I hope it doesn't come to that between us.
Ash: But if it does, I will kill you, and I would expect you to do the same for me.
Melinda: [surprised] Of course. [pauses] By the way, what's with your hand?
Ash: Long story
He showed off his iron hand, retracting it and flexing it
Ash: What's weird is. . . I haven't seen many deadites, only small packs of them. I haven't seen a large group of them around anywhere.
But then Ash spoke too soon. The road up ahead showed atleast fifteen deadites, and thirty skeletons.
Melinda: You were saying?
Ash: Take cover, kill as many as you can; then run!
Melinda: Gotcha!
Melinda dove behind a pile of rubble and opened fire on the deadites.
Ash lit many pieces of wood and threw them into the approaching army.
The army of the dead retaliated with cross-brow fire. Several of them also had revolvers that were stolen from dead policemen.
Ash placed his chainsaw down, and made sure that was ready if close-combat came into play.
Ash: Maybe we have a chance to take 'em all out [looks at Melinda] Yeah, and maybe I'm a Cuban arms dealer
The deadites didn't seem too interested, they walked like robots and fired their weapons.
Melinda: [yelling] What the hell are the doing here?
Ash: [yelling over his own gunfire] They've probably been sent to 'flush out' the city, and make sure no one was still alive!

Ash made sure to take out most of the deadites first, since they were more lethal than the skeletons.
Many grunts and taunts came from the army of the dead as they tried to take out the two ‘people of flesh’ that were opposing them.
The gunfire grew louder as the deadites with shooting their revolvers all around.
Ash was trying to conserve his ammo and he hoped Melinda was doing the same.
He was hit in the arm with and arrow but he quickly yanked it out and dove for cover.
Ash: [yelling] Melinda! Run!
Melinda followed his order, but before she did she noticed a crashed car right next to the deadite army, she aimed and fired right at the gas tank.
The entire car exploded and it took out half of what was left of the deadite army.
Ash: Clever girl
Melinda went for cover around the corner as Ash put down his boomstick and whipped out his chainsaw.
The firing stopped as he walked out into the middle of the road.
Melinda: What the hell is he doing?
One deadite from the remaining few charged Ash with a large piece of wood. Ash quickly sliced the weapon of the deadite down and then he decapitated the creature.
The rest of the deadite army seemed to back away
Ash: [showing off chainsaw] Yeah! Alright you primitive deadheads, listen up. See this?
This is my chainsaw! It's a STIHL model 066, S-Mart's top-of-the-line. You can find this in the sporting goods department. That's right this sweet baby was made in
Ontario, Canada. Retails for about $44.95. It's got a weight of 16.1 lbs., an Oilmatic chain and a reduced flow oil pump. That's right! Shop smart. Shop S-mart. Ya got that?!
Many of the deadites were confused at this out-burst, three of them decided to charge. Ash quickly disposed of them with the chainsaw.
With the death of their comrades the remaining deadites opened fire once more. Ash dodged their mis-aimed bullets and quickly engaged in close combat with them all. He impaled one of them and decapitated all the others.
Ash stood victorious, below him were bodies and bones of the army of darkness.
Melinda came out smiling; she grabbed Ash’s gun and ran it up to him.
Melinda: Nice job.
Ash: Thanks
Ash wiped the blood off his clothes and motioned to continue on.

Melinda: How can you just keep going after that fight?
Ash: It's in my nature honey, so let's go.
As the walked Melinda stared into his eyes, Ash stared forward
Melinda: Why are you so confident? You fight these things as if they are human!
Ash: I'm the promised one, or so they say
Ash started to block Melinda out of his head, we had bigger things to concentrate on. . . like the Necronomicon.
The building ahead looked different than all the others. It looked as if it were re-built. It was not covered in dirt or fire, it was a clean, tall, operational building. It seemed to have electricity so the lights were glowing in the midnight sky.
Ash: This is it! Get your weapon ready!
Ash readied his chainsaw and stared up at the structure, it was around ten stories tall.
Ash stood in front of the door, it dripped with blood. Ash shut his eyes tight, then looked at the door again, it was still bleeding.
Melinda: It's not an illusion Ash
Ash: No, I didn't think so.
Ash booted the door open and charged in, chainsaw in hands. Two skeleton warrior came at him but were quickly sliced up.
Ash: Let's go!
Ash ran through the building, but being careful none the less.
Melinda always covered his back.
Ash now knew why most of the streets were barren of deadites. . . because most of them were security in the castle.
Ash used his chainsaw a lot because conservation of ammo was key in his plan or survival.
Since the deadites were slow they were easy to kill, there were just so damn many of them!
Most of them were skeleton warriors because they usually fought harder in close combat.
Melinda was almost killed by a stray 'bone arrow' but Ash caught it in time.
Melinda: Thanks! [exhausted]
Ash: Anytime
Ash realized fighting down in the lobby was getting them nowhere so he decided to move everything up.
He opened the elevator door but in there was a human body with blood dripping on it from the ceiling, so he decided to take the stairs
Ash and Melinda stood back to back as he walked upwards through the staircase.
He fought his way to the next flow, a winged deadite was there to great him, but Melinda quickly shot its head off.
Melinda: Keep moving, I got skeletons up to my ass down here!
Ash: I love a woman with an attitude!

Ash chainsawed his way passed three deadites and left one barely living.
Ash: Cover me!
He turned to the downed deadite
Ash: Where's the Necronomicon?
The deadite's mouth open and Ash's heard a roaring sound of some sorts. He squatted down near the creature and stared it in the face. Suddenly out came a flow of blood. The deadite vomited blood all over Ash. The creature smiled and it's head exploded, sending more blood on Ash. Melinda stood with a smoking gun.
Ash: Thanks
Melinda: Anytime
He came across another winged deadite. Ash easily slice off one wing, leaving it vulnerable.
Ash: Where is the Necronomicon?
WingedDeadite: Top floor, with the boss
Ash: Thanks!
Ash, surprisingly didn't kill the deadite, but left it behind in pain. Perhaps a favor for not vomiting blood on him.
Ash: We have to make good time!
Melinda: You just run, I can keep up!
Ash's chainsaw was out of gas, so he whipped out the boomstick and got ready to get some blood.
He dashed up the stairs, leaping over bodies and blowing away anything that got in his way.
The skeleton warriors seemed to diminish as they went on, zombies and deadites were common in the higher floors.
As Ash reached the fifth floor fifteen deadites were crammed into the hallway, headed for Ash.
Ash: Get your gun ready!
Melinda and Ash unloaded as many bullets as they could into the crowd, dropping them all.
Melinda: Keep moving!
Ash was taking three steps at a time and was checking back every couple of seconds to make sure that Melinda was still there.
Blood started to pour from the walls; Ash tried not to notice it.
Everytime he checked the elevator there was another human body there. The deadites had no intention of him getting anywhere. They'd stop at nothing. And neither would Ash.
Several sounds of revolver fire echoed through the halls, it seems the deadites have more guns.
Suddenly Ash was hit in the shoulder with a bullet, his blood was actually a refreshing thing to see rather than the stuff that dripped from the walls.
Ash: Oh! [in pain] Oh, you miserable bastards!
Ash leaned up against the wall in pain as Melinda covered him.

Melinda: You okay?
Ash: Yeah, I've had worse.
Melinda: Then patch it up we gotta move! [impatiently] a lot of them are coming up from behind.
Ash held is arm and trotted down the hall, still gripping the boomstick.
Melinda unloaded her shotgun two more times and she was out
Melinda: I'm outta ammo! [scream]
Ash: Use the bat! [scream]
Melinda pulled the bat off the strap on Ash's back. She was ready for action.
It worked well on the skeletons but the deadites took more to bring down.
The gunfire increased and as well as the noise.
Ash needed to get out of there before he was shot again. He needed a way of getting up to the top floor under cover.
He ducked the fire and made his way to the nearest smoke detector.
Aiming carefully he blew it off the wall and all the sprinklers went off.
The deadites were not harmed by the water, but it confused them enough for Ash to slip out of there.
Melinda: Ash!
Ash: Quiet! Just keep moving!
Ash grabbed Melinda by the hand and pulled her along.
He made it to the elevator and looked inside. . . empty.
Ash: Finally!
They both hopped in and Ash pressed the button for the top floor.
As the elevator went up blood started to trickle from the ceiling.
Evil: Join us
Ash: Damn! It's a trick!
Ash was up to his socks in blood.
Melinda: Try the door!
Ash hit the 'door open' button, nothing happened. He then tried to pry open the doors with his iron hand; they wouldn't budge.
Melinda: Ash! It's horrible! [panicking]
Ash: I know, just hold on!
Ash was looking for some sort of escape route. The floor, the ceiling, the walls, nothing.
Ash: Damn, no way out!
The blood continued to come from the floor, it was rising to Ash's knees.
Evil voices started to laugh at him from nowhere.
Ash: You shut up!
Melinda: [hysterical] Calm down Ash!
Ash: [mad] Well, maybe If I didn't have blood crawling into my skin I'd be okay!

They were now up to their waists, and blood was coming from all directions.
Ash tried to blow the door open, but that just sent him slamming into the wall, re-injuring his shoulder.
Then the evil voices stopped their monotone and began a new chant.
Evil: [slow, stern voice] Die. . . .
Blood now came in faster, it was up to their chests and rising an inch every couple of seconds.
Melinda: [screams]
Ash started to panic and he began pounding the doors with his iron hand. This only made Melinda scream more.
The blood was thick and slimy; it crawled down into their flesh and seeped into their hair.
Evil: Die
Ash: [whispers to self] Damn!
Up to their throats. . . .
Melinda: [concerned] Ash?
Ash: Hold your breath and hope it comes out for the best
Ash quickly sank down into the blood and Melinda faced upwards, trying to inhale as much as she could before she sank under.
Blood pushed the room and all hope was gone.
There was a deep silence then suddenly it was broken by a large, single, beep.
It hummed for two seconds then stopped, neither of them could hear it though, being underwater.
Then the doors opened and the blood poured out. It flooded the halls infront of him. Ash and Melinda's bodies flopped out and slammed on the floor.
Ash: [coughs our blood, not his though]
Melinda: Thank god!
Ash: [cough] I'm thanking god for two things right now Jack and shit, and Jack left town.
Voice: You better pray to god now, because your end is near.
Ash, still on the floor, looked up at who ever was talking.
Melinda: Ash, what's wrong?
Melinda couldn't see because of the blood in her face and hair.
Ash: [swallowing] Trouble.
Ash looked at the head-deadite, the man who he had to take down.
He had a skull-shaped helmet; his face was spotted and wrinkly but unusually human.

Voice: Well, nice of you to make it Ash! I've been waiting for this for a long time.
Ash: [clearing his eyes of blood] Damn, I thought you were dead.

Voice: Now ya see you're 'good Ash' and I'm 'bad Ash'. I can do whatever I want with the power of the Necronomicon, my minions revived me from my 'dead' state. Now I lead in this world!
Ash: It's not possible. No!
Bad Ash: The good news is: I'm not going to kill you! The bad news is, my Dragon will!
Bad Ash laughed in the face of the human. His teeth showed a blistering purple and yellow color.
Ash: Dragon?
Ash saw him raise his fist, then everything went black. . . .
Ash awoke on the roof of the building, he felt his head which was sore from something hard hitting it.
Ash looked up to see Melinda chained to a post, Bad Ash was next to her with a broad smile on his face.
Ash: I killed you before, and I can do it again.
Bad Ash: You don't understand do you? I am NOT the creature you remember from Arthur's castle. I am all that is evil! I am Necronomicon!
Ash: Then you are the evil in flesh?
Bad Ash: Yes, now you remember! In the cabin you sent me into the vortex! You see I am all that is evil, and the deadites are pieces of me. We are not individuals, but one whole.
Ash: [to self] No wonder they are defeated after their leader is killed.
Bad Ash: And now, my fair human, prepare to die!
Melinda: Ash! Look out!
Ash stood up on the roof and looked left, then right. Nothing was there, he heard a large screeching noise and he looked up. From there was a massive winged deadite, a deadite dragon. Its wings had to be more than thirty feet long, it's skin was like a thick leather. It's claws were razor sharp, this was indeed a high-ranking deadite in the army of darkness.
Ash: What the hell?
The demon came down and knocked Ash over. It laughed in a pitiful state.
Ash jumped and punched it in the nose with his iron fist. This fazed the dragon, but not enough for a defeat. The massive creature spread it's wings and started to fly above Ash's head once more.
Ash: Come down and fight fair you miserable bastard!
The dragon circled the building and then swooped down smacking into Ash.
The man's only weapon was his fist, and that proved insignificant to the strength of the winged deadite.
It grabbed Ash by its claws and threw him near the edge of the structure. He looked over, down the side and began to get sick.
Dragon: [roar]
Ash: How the hell am I suppose to fight this thing?

Melinda: [screaming] Ash! You can stand up to anything you wish, you just have to have the *will* to.
Ash heard this and he decided everything *has* to die, so there *is* a way to kill everything, he just needed the right tool for the job.
Dragon: [roar]
The creature came and attacked Ash, hitting and slapping at his body.
The dragon readied his jaw, he was going to swallow his soul.
Ash decided he would have to use what he had. He quickly slammed his fist down the throat of the dragon. It's eyes widened and it's ears bleed.
Ash: Yeah! [calm] Ya see I'm holding on to one of your organs right now, one that I can easily rip it out. [staring into his eyes] Are we in understandment?
Ash squeezed and the dragon's eyes squinted.
Ash: Now, you go away, or I'll bring out my fly swatter.
Ash let go of whatever he was holding and began to remove his hand.
Just then the demon swung one of its claws at him he quickly dodged it and reached back down the creatures throat, leaving it vulnerable once again.
Ash thought 'what the hell' he squeezed as tight as he could and then he pulled his arm out.
Within his hand he held a very large heart. The creature's eyes rolled back into its head and it fell over, dead.
Ash stood victorious, heart in hand. He turned to Bad Ash, but he was no where to be found.
Ash raised his hand high and squeezed the heart until it exploded.
Ash: Okay. . . . Who wants some? Huh? Somebody want a little? Do ya? Huh?
Ash felt alone. He went over and unchained Melinda.
Melinda: That was impressive, disgusting, but impressive none the less.
Ash: Where'd he go?
Just then building started to shake and Ash turned around to see the evil in its flesh state. It was a large worm looking creature with many arms sticking out.
One of those arms possessed the Necronomicon.
Melinda: What the hell is that? [shocked]
Ash: It's him, the evil.
Melinda: He's the last?
Ash: Yeah, after him it's all over.
The creature was large and sluggish it moped around the building top as it continued to shake, no one knew what to do.
It started to emit some sort of odd moan as the building began to vibrate wildly.
Melinda: Then kill it!
Ash: How? I need that book to do that!

Melinda: [screaming over sound of rumble] honey, you leave that to me!
She winked at Ash then began doing flips towards the monster.
It looked confused but still pretty pissed.
Melinda came down with a blow to its wormish head, it dropped the book and she immediately through it to Ash. Ash picked up the Necronomicon and began flipping through it.
Ash: Great, now what do I do?
Melinda: Ash!
He looked over to see the evil has grabbed her and is pulling her near him.
Ash: No!
Ash needed to do something and quick! The rumble continued.
He found the page with the time vortex, but he couldn't translate it!
How did the deadites translate this? They had to speak this language or have some way to translating it. . . .
Ash: Think! Think! Shit!
He was frozen in fear, he had the Necronomicon but couldn't use it, Melinda was being pulled close and the rumble was getting unbearable.
Ash let out a very loud obscenity. He was nearing a decision. . . .
Then something caught his eye. . . .
Ash: Hey you! That's right! I'm talking to you. [cocky] You giant worm! You couldn't frighten a child! And you call yourself 'all that is evil'! 'All that is bullshit' fits better! [laughing] I got your book! And you're nothing without it! You're so dumb you don't even know how to make a *boat* to cross over to the mainland! You primitive screwhead! [hysterical] What a joke! Swallow my soul? [laughs vigorously then turns serious]
Swallow this!
Ash suddenly whips out his boomstick and blows a chuck of flesh out of the evil's head.
It screamed in pain and dropped Melinda. She ran over to Ash to thank him.
Melinda: Where'd the gun come from?
Ash: The evil brought it up with him and left it here when I was being attacked.
Melinda: Now what happens?
Ash: We end this.
Melinda: So is it dead?
Ash: I never dies, we'll have to send it through the vortex.
Melinda: How the hell we do that?
Ash: Patience
After five minutes Ash dragged a deadite up to the, now calm, roof.
He chained it to a post and placed the gun to its brain.
Ash: Read!

The deadite knew there was no hope for him or his race, so he read
Deadite: Nos veratos alamemnon conda. Conda. Conda.
Ash: Thank you!
He grabbed the deadite by the jacket and lobbed him off the building.
Ash looked as the vortex formed.
Melinda: Now what?
Ash: Now we get that evil into there!
They both turned, but the creature was gone.
Melinda: Shit, where is it?
Nothing left or right, Ash knew exactly where it was.
He looked up only to see the wide-open mouth of evil coming down at him.
Ash caught the creature with his gun. The monster was still vertical, Ash balanced him on the Remington.
Ash: Flesh. Soul. I'm the guy with the gun.
And with that he blew open the head of the deadite and rolled it into the vortex.
Melinda: Aren't you going back?
Ash: To my own time?
Melinda: Yes.
Ash: I suppose, when the time is right.
Melinda feel into Ash's arms as some sorts of illumination came from the distance.
Melinda: Ash! Look! It's the sun! The hope for a new day!
Ash held her tightly and gazed into the sun, into the distance, into the future.
He stared down at Melinda and realized it was all over.
Ash: Gimme some sugar baby!